

Runrig, Recovery

Watching the morning come in on the land
See the moon roll over Skeabost
See the young men late in the glen
All with camans in hand.
Sea winds out on the wild
Sea waves crash onto Uig
See the black homes strung out in a line
Cross the island of Skye.

I can't believe
That it's taking all this time,
I can't believe
My life and my destiny
After the clans, after the clearings,
Here I am
Recovering.

Should have been home before daylight,
It's not easy when you're down and hungry
One from the late run rolled up in a coat
I make my way across the moor.
For a late summer in '84
But now there's a new day dawning
I've heard the Braes men talk in Portree
The news from Glendale.

And I can't believe
That it's taking all this time
I can't believe
My life and my destiny
After the clans, after the clearings
Here I am
Recovering.

Still the morning comes in on the land
See the new sun red and rising
See the corn turn ripe in the fields
See the growth in the glen.
And MacPherson's in Kilmuir tonight
What a night for a people rising
And oh God not before time
There's justice in our lives.